

THE PAUPER OF PARK LANE

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

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CHAPTER XII.

In Which a Woman's Honor Is at Stake.

"John Adams has seen you!" exclaimed Rolfe, slowly. "Therefore, the situation is, I understand, one of extreme peril. Is that so?"

"Exactly," responded the millionaire, in a thin, weak voice. "But by your aid I may yet extricate myself."

The younger man saw that the other was full of fear. Never had he seen his employer so nervous and utterly unstrung. The mystery of it all fascinated him. Statham had unwittingly acknowledged having been present at the presumed death of John Adams, and that in itself was a very suspicious circumstance.

"Whatever assistance I can give I am quite ready to render it," he said, little dreaming what dire result would attend that offer.

"Ah, yes!" cried the old man, thankfully, grasping his secretary's hand. "I knew you would not refuse, Rolfe. If you succeed I shall owe my life to you; you understand—my life!" And he looked straight into the young man's face, adding, "And Samuel Statham never forgets to repay a service rendered."

"I look for no repayment," he said. "You have been so very good to my sister and myself that I owe you a deep debt of gratitude."

"Ah, yes!" replied the young man. "But she always says she is most comfortable, and all the principals are very kind to her. Of course, it was hard for her at first when she commenced to earn her own living. The hours, the confinement, and the rigorous rules were irksome to a girl of her character, always being used as she had to freedom and a country life."

"Yes," replied the old man, rather thoughtfully. "I suppose so. But if she is getting on well, I am quite satisfied. Should she have any complaint to make, don't fail to let me know."

Rolfe thanked him. The old fellow, notwithstanding his eccentricities, was always a generous master.

There was a pause, during which the millionaire walked to the window, peered out to see if the shabby watch had returned, and then came back again to his table.

"Rolfe," he commenced, as he seated himself, with surprising calmness. "I have spoken more openly to you this afternoon than I have spoken to any one for many years. First, you must remain in London. Just ring them in the city and tell them to send Sheldon here, and say that he must leave for Belgrade to-night. I will see him at 7 o'clock."

The secretary took up the transmitter of the telephone line to the offices of Statham Brothers in Old Broad street, and in a few moments was delivering the principal's message to the waiting clerk.

"Sheldon will be here at 7 for instructions," he said, as he replaced the transmitter.

"Then sit down, Rolfe—and listen," the old man commenced, indicating a chair at the side of the table.

The young man obeyed, and the great financier commenced.

"You have promised your help, and also complete secrecy, have you not?"

"I shall say nothing," answered the other, at the same time eager to hear some closed page in the old man's history.

"Rely upon my discretion."

He was wondering whether the gruff-faced old fellow was aware of the startling events of the previous evening in Cromwell road. His spies had told him of Maud. They perhaps had discovered that amazing truth of which he had occupied in that house, now deserted and empty.

Was it possible that old Statham, being in possession of his secret, did not now fear to repose confidence in him for the first time? If he were betrayed he could on his part make an exposure that must prove both ruinous and fatal. The crafty old financier was not the person to place himself unreservedly in the hands of any man who could possibly turn his enemy. He had an ulterior motive, without a doubt. But what it was Charles Rolfe was unable to discover.

"The mouth of that man Adams must be closed," said the old man, in a slow, deliberate voice, "and you alone are able to accomplish it. Do this for me, and I can afford to pay well," and he regarded the young man with a meaning look.

Was it possible that he suggested foul play? Rolfe wondered. Was he suggesting that he should lurk in some dark corner and take the life of the shabby wayfarer, who had recently returned to England after a long absence?

"It is not a question of payment," Rolfe replied. "Is it whether any effort of mine can be successful?"

"Yes, I know. I admit, Rolfe, that I was a fool. I ought to have listened to you when you first told me of his reappearance, and I ought to have approached him and purchased his silence. I thought myself shrewd, and my caution had been my undoing."

"From the little I know, I fear that the purchase of the fellow's silence is now out of the question. A week ago it could have been effected, but now he has cast all thought of himself to the winds, and his only object is revenge."

"Revenge upon myself," sighed the old man, his face growing a trifle paler as he foresaw what a terrible vengeance was within the power of that shabby stranger. "Ah! I know. He will be relentless. He has every reason to be if what has been told him had been true. Therefore, the truth—the truth that would save my honor and my life—can never be told," he added, with a desperate look upon his countenance.

"Then you have been the victim of a liar?" Rolfe said.

"Yes—of a man who, jealous of my prosperity, endeavored to ruin me by making a false statement. But his reward came quickly. I retaliated with my financial strength, and in a year he was ruined. To recoup himself, he committed forgery, was arrested, and six months later died in prison—but without confessing that what he had said concerning me was a false invention. John Adams believed it—and because of that, among other things, is my bitterest enemy."

"But is there no way of proving the truth?" asked Rolfe, surprised at this story.

"None. The fellow put forward in support of his story proofs which he had forged. Adams naturally believed they were genuine."

"And where are those proofs now?"

"Probably in Adams' possession. He has no doubt hoarded them for use at the moment of his triumph."

Rolfe did not speak for several moments.

"A week ago those proofs might, I believe, have been purchased for a round sum."

"Could they not be purchased now? From the man's appearance, he is penniless."

"Not so poor as you think. If what I've heard is true, he is in possession of funds. His shabbiness is only assumed. Have you any knowledge of a certain man named Lyle—a short man, slightly deformed?"

"Lyle!" gasped his employer. "Do you

mean Leonard Lyle? What do you know of him?"

"I saw him in the company of Adams. It is he who supplies the latter with money."

"Lyle!" cried Statham, his eyes glancing in amazement. "Lyle here—in London?"

"He was here a week ago. You know him?"

"Know him—yes!" answered the old millionaire, hoarsely. "Are you certain that he has become Adams' friend?"

"I saw them together with my own eyes. They were sitting in the Cafe Royal, in Regent street. Adams was in evening dress, and wore an opera hat. Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"I didn't," answered Statham, in a tone of blank despair. "I—I saw now all the difficulties that have arisen. The pair have united to wreak their vengeance upon me, and I am powerless and unprotected."

"But who is this man Leonard Lyle?" inquired the secretary.

"A man without a conscience. He was a mining engineer, and is now, I suppose—a short, white-mustached man, with a slightly humped back and a squeaky voice."

"The same?"

"Why didn't you tell me this before? If Lyle knows Adams, the position is doubly dangerous," he exclaimed, in doubt and dismay. "No," he added, bitterly, "there can be no way out."

"I said nothing because you had refused to believe."

"You saw them together after you had told me of Adams' return, or before?"

"After," he replied. "Even though you refused to believe me, I continued to remain watchful in your interests and those of the firm. I spent several evenings in watching their movements."

"Ah! you are loyal to me, I know. But you would not refuse, Rolfe. If you succeed I shall owe my life to you; you understand—my life!" And he looked straight into the young man's face, adding, "And Samuel Statham never forgets to repay a service rendered."

"I look for no repayment," he said. "You have been so very good to my sister and myself that I owe you a deep debt of gratitude."

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"Lyle!" gasped his employer. "Do you

hour—you must make what no doubt will be to you a great sacrifice."

"What do you mean?" asked Rolfe, quickly.

"I mean," the old man said, in a very slow, distinct voice—"I mean that you must first sacrifice the honor of the woman you love—Maud Petrovitch."

"Maud Petrovitch!" he gasped, utterly mystified.

"Yes," he answered. "You have promised to save me—you have sworn to assist me, and the sacrifice is imperative! It is her honor—or my death!"

TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.

MAN SENTIMENTAL.

How about that harrowing question of marriage for love or marriage for economic household management? Can one for a moment seriously believe that any girl who possesses all the domestic virtues would consent to marry a man who proposed to her as if he were engaging a housekeeper?

This sort of frankness is not going to prove the means of increasing the number of marriages among men who, it is said, stay their hands and their hearts because they are uncertain how the kitchen finances of their homes would be managed, and do not like to inquire.

Sentimentality in real life is to be detected at the present day, but there are still men who do not care to contemplate the idea of marrying a girl, because they can mentally picture "her eagle eye ranging from one department to another of her commissariat, ready to note and 'speak about' leakages."

Refrains, if a man desires only perfection of service and economy, can get it much better at a first-class club or hotel.

Don't mind. Just fancy how glad she is to receive them.

By sending roses you as good as say "I love you."

If they are fine enough the charmer is certain to indicate "same here."

An offering of acacia (mimosas, if you prefer), says, "Let us be friends."

Why, of course, what girl could resist branches clothed in fairy fuz of gold.

Should you dispatch an azalea to a fair one you are advising her to "Be temperate."

Naturally she will assure you, in her note of thanks, it is impossible to be temperate at sight of such splendor.

MELON BONNETS.

Baby caps for spring are made of three pieces, cut like the sides of a circular triangle and sewn together with a fancy stitch or a strip of lace insertion. Sometimes the sections over the face and at the back of the neck are made of dotted Swiss, while the middle section is of baby Irish lace. In other caps all three sections are of fine nainsook, but the middle section is heavily embroidered. This new style is very becoming to the baby's head, and brings the joining of the sections just behind the ear, so that whatever lace is used as trimming will converge toward this point.

A very attractive cap may be made of all-over embroidery, using Valenciennes insertion between the sections; and for very plain bonnets pink linen may be used, with a little hand embroidery around the face. This cap is known as a melon bonnet, and bids fair to become the reigning favorite in juvenile fashions.

HOW ARE YOUR EARS?

One asks not in levity. Rather is one very sincere. Ears have grown in importance. Of yore woman powdered her nose. Now she goes in deeply for ear culture. Perhaps she blushes them with peroxide of hydrogen.

Then, tell it not in Gath, she may give them a touch of pink paint.

Of course, the woman of the flaring ear does not exist—she slept in bandages in her youth.

As ever, lingerie models follow those for outer wear. Batiste and nainsook chemises might be drawn through the proverbial wedding ring, so sheer and exquisite are they with their fairy-like embroideries and eyelets for draw ribbons. For like reasons the short under-petticoat and the corset cover are made in combination, or for those who dispense with the former, the drawers may be in one with the corset covers. In any case, there's no bulk, not a fold, around the hips. A judicious flare below the hips is necessary, but even there much material is not tolerated. The flounce may be five or six inches in depth, but it is so filmy, and the lace and embroidery so sheer, that madame's all-important "line" is not interfered with—no, not even if she wears the skimpiest dirndl or empire creation.

Petticoats do not enjoy their erstwhile importance. To be sure, most women wear them, even though Paris authorities say they are impossible with the straight, scant skirts. But naturally they cannot be voluminously beautiful. Frill upon frills, with big, bunched bows above the knees, are not to be thought of, though this does not doom one to petticoat plainness. There are exquisite examples, as sheer as possible, in silk or batiste or other fabrics, with all sorts of dainty garnishments.

The new nightgowns are beautiful, and so graceful! France and Japan have supplied the inspiration, empire and kimono effects being the newest and loveliest. One of the pretty empire creations is of finest nainsook, inset and edged with real Valenciennes, and draped across the bust most coquettishly. It is tied with pale pink, Josephine's favorite color. She even tied in delicate rose color, all tricked out with rosy ribbons, as she was rather expecting the czar of Russia.

THE CURE-ALLS.

Are you fat? Walk. Are you thin? Walk. Are you nervous? Walk. Have you no appetite? Walk. Or do you gormandise? Walk. Have you lost interest in life? Walk. Maybe your poor stomach won't work. Walk.

Or perhaps your liver has gone on a strike. Walk. Could you have put a kink in your suffering heart. Walk.

In short, walking seems to be the remedy for all ills, save, perhaps, broken legs.

The home of tiling is Italy. There it is used for hallways, dining-rooms, or bedrooms, and always it is in perfect condition, shining, smooth, and unspotted, as it should be. Inquiry brought forth the information that the soap and water are never used, but linseed oil and turpentine are mixed and applied frequently with a stiff brush. This dirt, the floors are polished with wax. The Italian tiling is mostly the mosaic work on a coarser scale, or else concrete, and the secret of taking care of it is well worth knowing.

Woman and Vanity.

Cynic and philosophers have held the vain woman up to ridicule and scorn, but every woman who has to face the world, and expects her fair share of its admiration, must allow her natural vanity to appeal to her. When it is declared that the modern woman is entirely free from the weakness of vanity, we realize that an unintentional compliment has been paid to her skill in concealing what a woman of a past generation allowed to escape from them in "airs" and "graces," and a tendency to "peacock."

The Largest Morning Circulation.

All advertising contracts made by The Washington Herald are based upon its bona fide circulation—a circulation in Washington larger by thousands than was ever before attained by any morning newspaper at the Capital. Its books are open.

BON MARCHE OPENING.

Display of Millinery and Outergarments This Week.

The Bon Marche, at 314-316 Seventh street, commences its spring display of millinery and ready-to-wear suits and dresses this morning. The opening will last three days and should be of absorbing interest to the feminine mind. As they state in their advertisement, exclusive creations by artists of Europe, distinctive designs by the leading makers of this country, and artistic creations by our own workmen, are all in a beautiful array.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

"Business and sentiment do not mix," a man told me last summer, after he had been told the uncomfortable experience of a neighbor who considered his own interests after thinking about those of his employees. "I employ twelve stenographers, some of whom are pretty, but none of whom are per, because I would never permit it. The time to put that down is when it is just budding. I treat them precisely as I would treat twelve men in the same positions, and when any one of the number falls behind in efficiency I promptly replace her. That serves as a check on the others. I insist upon having the best money will buy, in labor as in anything else."

The same principle is carried into the household department. Two maids are kept, and after they have been fully acquainted with their duties slighting re- solves no mercy. Changes are made quietly and easily, save in occasional cases, when a high-tempered girl is to be dealt with. He told me that on one occasion it became necessary for him to put the finishing touches on a situation that proved too much for his wife. The cook of the establishment had an uncertain temper, the kind that flared at trifles and led to the hurling of articles, anything she happened to have in her hand. If she overslept in the morning it was dangerous to cross her in any way, and she neglected things as she chose.

Her cooking was good, so annoyances were glossed over to the disgust of the man. "I would discharge on the spot a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week man who said just a bit of what that girl has thrown at you," he declared, but his wife ignored the remark. A few days later the cook had a tantrum and went a little farther than usual, and the woman of the house went to her own room and remained there till her husband's return.

"You may deal with Nora, John," she said at the close of her recital of the day's happenings. John walked down the stairs and out to the kitchen, where both girls were getting ready to serve the dinner. "Here are your week's wages, Nora," he said, handing her the money. "I am sorry, and," looking at his watch, "I want to see the last of you and your belongings in half an hour."

She had nothing to say, and the door closed after her before she had time to expire. Perhaps the second girl told the story to the next cook, and the one who succeeded to the position left vacant by marriage—at all events, better times reigned in that house from the date of the cook's departure. It was understood that browbeating would not be tolerated, and that the liberal wages would have to be earned. The mistress of the place had good support in the person of her businesslike husband, and her assistants knew it, and every woman who refuses to take impertinence and interior work from those to whom she is paying money, is bound to have the respect and willing service of all who deal with her. It is worth while to remember that nobody is wholly indispensable.

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THE Grand Duchess Louise of Germany has taken personal supervision of the milk plant presented to the city of Karlsruhe by Nathan Straus. She is deeply interested in the work, seeks to employ only the best scientific methods, and is continually on the lookout for new ideas in the hope of checking the mortality among the infants of Germany.

The Duchess of Sutherland, the half-sister of the Countess of Warwick, and a sister of the Earl of Roslyn, is now in this country. The duchess is well known in the literary world, contributing to leading magazines and periodicals, and has done much to better the condition of the working people, especially those on her estate.

The International Society's "Exhibition of Fair Women" at the New Gallery in London was opened recently by the Duchess of Marlborough.

Miss Constance Smadley, president of the Lyceum Club of New York, will establish a branch of that club in New York City.

Mrs. Dore Lyon, who, during the St. Louis World's Fair, had many friends while she was at the New York Building, has been elected vice president of the Woman's League of New York State, an organization interested in the equal suffrage question.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, wife of the Irish advocate of home rule, is said to be convinced that Englishwomen will have the

full right of Parliamentary suffrage within the next seven years. Mrs. O'Connor was a Texas girl, has lived for thirty-two years in England, and recently paid a visit to her native country.

One of the few American women who have been awarded the Palmes Academiques, a decoration given by the French government for distinguished service in the field of letters, is Miss Arcadie Villere, of Lake Forest, Ill. She is of French descent and was for many years a teacher in Chicago. The decoration was given for the work she has done in creating an interest in French in this country.

Two American young women recklessly hazarded their lives by making the ascent of Popocatepetl without guides. These women, Miss Holmes Eddy and Miss Octave Woodward, of Rockford, Ill., are said to be the first foreigners, either men or women, to make the dare-devil ascent. They started with a party, but the weather turned so stormy that guides and other travelers turned back, not wishing to hazard their lives, but the young women went on and reached the crest of the crater, made the descent without accident, and joined the rest of the party at the foot of the mountain.

Miss Mabel T. Boardman, the national secretary of the Red Cross Society, has returned from a visit to the West. While on visits were informal, she said, "our results were so encouraging that I feel satisfied that the Red Cross Society, and others as well, will be pleased to learn about the wide interest that is being shown in the work."

Do Not Leap Out of Bed.

Dr. Savary will earn the gratitude of millions of men and women all the world over. He has made a scientific fact of a delightful habit hitherto described by the unco' energetic as a lazy one. He has found a splendid defense for the so-called "sluggard," for he has declared before the august body of the French Academy of Sciences that to arise the moment one is called is literally sheer madness.